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MY SHIPS.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me.
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many ships as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing back to me,
Ah, well! the storm clouds then might frown;
For, if the others all went down
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down to sea
And all the others came to me
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honor, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm! O winds blow free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou rendest some a-wrack
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all—that skim the sea,
But bring my love-ship home to me.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... **Editor**

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

PROHIBITION TO BE PREFERRED TO LICENSE!

Now that the constitutional provision against the saloon is to stand in Maine the effort to lead people to believe that the "blind pig" kind of saloon is worse than the licensed kind will go on there, as it all the time is going on elsewhere, wherever the question is at issue. In the Oakland Tribune we notice a sample remark: "The unlicensed and unlawful sale of liquor will continue in all the cities and towns of the Pine Tree state. Drunken men will continue to be a common sight in Portland, Belfast, Bangor, Augusta, Lewiston and Ellsworth. On the statute books Maine will be a dry state, but in actual practice the most debasing form of the liquor traffic will prevail in all the centers of population as a result of one-half the inhabitants imposing sumptuary law on the other half which experience has shown cannot be enforced."

Over against this we would place some words in The Christian Endeavor World, not long ago, written, we presume, by the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark:

"We know something about Portland, Me. We have often been there. In fact, we lived there once; and we have never known, in all these years of our acquaintance, where a saloon could be found; never saw a liquor-sign over any store, never say a beer-bottle or whiskey-jug in a store window. Yet, strange to say, we have heard many queer tales about Portland, to the effect that there is more drunkenness there than in any license state, and more saloons in proportion to the population, and more hypocrisy than in the infernal regions themselves. It is strange, indeed, how oblivious to this horrible state of affairs a man who lives right on the ground can be."

To show in another way what the licensed and unlicensed saloons are doing, we give the following contrast of Boston, Massachusetts, and Portland, Maine. Boston is the nearest large city to Portland—a three hours' ride on a good train. Boston has a very stringent system of regulation of the liquor traffic, and the highest license of any large city in the country. Compare the results of the stringent license law with the much-abused prohibitory law. "Boston arrests 526 in every 10,000 for drunkenness; Portland, 84. Boston pays $3 per capita for police; Portland, $1.05. Boston pays 29 cents per capita for jails; Portland, 2 cents. Boston has 33 criminals per 10,000 of population; Portland, 13."

We quote the foregoing figures from what we believe to be an authoritative source. If they are not correct, will the pro-saloon papers, to whose attention this article may come, please notify us?

According to recent statistics the expenditure in Maine for intoxicated drinks is $1.48 per capita, while in the whole country it is $17.39 per capita.

According to figures published during the campaign in Maine by pro-saloon papers, one and one-fourth gallons of liquor per capita are shipped into prohibition states. But government statistics show that 21.86 gallons per capita are consumed in all the states.. In thirty days the consumption of liquor in the city of Chicago, with two million people, is as much as the people of the prohibition states, with fifteen million population, consume in a whole year.

Everything goes to show that prohibition does decrease to a large extent the sale and use of intoxicants. Of course there is a desperate and despicable effort by the brewers and the worst of the saloonists to make the illegal use of liquor as obnoxious to the community as possible whenever and wherever it is outlawed. Some years ago there was a law in Indiana which allowed the sale in quantities of not less than a quart, not to be drunk on the premises. And men were actually hired to make night hideous in vacant lots and back yards, so as to lead the people to inaugurate again the reign of the saloon.

WAITING TO SEE WHAT THE WOMEN OF LOS ANGELES DO!

Friends of temperance are considering the advisability of starting a campaign preparatory to submitting a referendum petition to the California legislature, at its next regular session, for the constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The Pacific is in receipt of a letter from a friend of the movement in Southern California, in which the belief is expressed that now that the women can vote prompt action will make it possible to carry such a measure in California as soon as it can be presented to the electorate. It is remarked therein:

"It has been truly remarked that the women in other equal suffrage states have not created any revolution along temperance lines, but is it not simply because they have not been led to use the weapon which has been placed in their hands, and is it not all the more reason why advocates of equal suffrage should by example in California demonstrate what determined women can do; and, when aroused, will do?

"The fact that women had not been more aggressive for temperance legislation in other states was largely used against the equal suffrage measure with the better class of voters here and it would be well to eliminate that argument and cast its force on the other side in suffrage campaigns in other states."

The writer of the letter expresses the judgment that the different temperance societies, the churches and allied organizations can overthrow the liquor traffic if they will so to do and move unitedly against it. The writer states that he has just learned that the prohibition party organization has voted to take the matter up under party auspices. Although he is a party prohibitionist and has never voted

other than a straight party ticket he is convinced that it is a mistake to undertake it as a party movement.

The Pacific is unalterably opposed to the liquor traffic and stands ready to help to strike it a death blow whenever such a blow can be given. We are not able to see, however, just at this time that a movement for state-wide prohibition would be wise. We are waiting to see what the women of Los Angeles do. If by their votes on the 5th of December they render the saloon an outlaw in that city, there will be good reason for the inauguration of a state-wide movement against it. If not, it is our judgment that an effort to secure constitutional prohibition would be defeated at the polls if the question should be submitted at a date as early as that which is provided for in this movement.

If the women of Los Angeles show by their votes in December that they do not believe the arrant, non-sensical cry that to vote out the saloons will be to hurt business; or that, if they should do this, they believe in placing righteousness first and business second, then a state-wide movement can be inaugurated with considerable hope.

THE GIPSY SMITH MEETINGS.

Whatever the result of the Gipsy Smith evangelistic meetings on the Pacific Coast so far as conversions go, it is evident that he is making a good impression and is elevating in every community the great cause of which he is a consecrated representative. In Seattle he touched and aroused the consciences of people in all walks in life. The head of a great department store, a man who is a Roman Catholic, testifies that because of these meetings many accounts marked long since on their books as worthless have been paid; and reconciliations have come about in not a few divided and blighted homes.

It is gratifying to see the daily papers in the cities of the Pacific Northwest giving particular attention to these evangelistic services and thus aiding in the good work which is their aim. So valuable a service was thus rendered by the Seattle Post-Intelligencer that the ministers of the city sent the editor a letter in which it was said: "Your reports have been more than accurate chronicles. They have been real evangelistic messages in themselves, and the ministers are grateful to you as an indispensable ally."

The Post-Intelligencer said that during all the meetings there was only one jarring note, and that was when the evangelist referred contemptuously to Christian Science and "other nonsensical cults and fads and ideas." This, it is said, was "wholly out of harmowy with the spirit of his meetings and unattuned to the kindly character of the man."

We quote here what the Post-Intelligencer said editorially as to that. It is similar to what The Pacific has said heretofore, but the matter is one needing some reiteration:

"Seattle is not full of 'Tangentists'—people ever seeking new creeds and cults—but it is made up largely of earnest, thinking, tolerant-minded people, all striving according to their lights and convictions for their own and the common good. Of this number, many have embraced the faith to which the evangelist made uncharitable allusion. It is unnecessary to adopt that faith, unnecessary even to understand it, to appreciate that it has given peace and happiness and hope to countless lives and thus made the world brighter and better. It is helping mankind today. Therefore, why decry it and why attack it? Tolerance, good brother! Tolerance, all, and always!"

But, to get back to the good that Gipsy Smith is doing, it is worthy of note that the evangelist does not receive any of the money which is contributed at the services conducted by him. He is paid by a London committee which has the evangelistic campaign in charge a salary of $3,000 a year and expenses. Half of the money raised in each city in which he preaches is used for local expenses, the other half goes to the London committee. In Seattle the receipts were $7,000.

WHY DID HE FALL?

The fall of Mr. Rodgers, the aviator, and his failure to reach Long Beach on Sunday, November the 12th, and so to end in a spectacular and successful manner a flight from ocean to ocean, has occasioned much speculation. While he was tarrying in Pasadena a delegation from the First Congregational Church of that city, headed by Dr. Fox, the pastor, waited on the aviator and endeavored to persuade him to finish his flight on some day other than Sunday. He was impressed by what was said, but not sufficiently so to lead him to break with the management which had arranged for monetary reasons of course to have the final trip on Sunday.

Not all that Mr. Rodgers has said since that day when his fall through the air almost cost him his life has been given general circulation by the daily papers. Many have perhaps read this statement by him:

"I first experienced a feeling of drowsiness while passing over a hamlet near where the accident occurred. I began to feel drowsy and wanted to go to sleep. The desire to let my machine take its course was almost irresistible. I endeavored to rid myself of the feeling but without success. I was up about a thousand feet when I felt the insidious symptoms.
to earth. The nearer I got to earth, the sleepier I became

"I realized I was affected with the same strange asphyxia which caused Hoxsey and Johnstone to fall to their deaths and it was only by a determined effort that I got a grip on myself and started to land. The nearer I got to earth the sleepier I became, and then must have lost consciousness when I fell.

"Sunday was the first time since taking up aviation that I have met with such an experience. I hold that there is some ethereal substance lurking in the atmosphere and that is the cause of the strange feeling."

But this further statement of Mr. Rodgers has had only local circulation. A Pasadena friend sends it to The Pacific:

"And right here let me say something else. I'm through flying on Sunday. All my falls have been on Sunday. This last time many people tried to prevent the flight. Many of them offered prayers to keep me from going up. I believe that when a thing is so important that it calls for prayer, it's time something was done. I'll not fly on Sunday again."

Why did he fall? We do not know. There are those who are saying that prayer had something to do with it. There are others who are saying that this is an absurdity. We cannot enter here into a consideration of the subject of prayer, nor shall we quote even a few words of Scripture —only those words of Tennyson,

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

A VITAL MINISTRY.

By Rev. Charles R. Brown, Dean of Yale Divinity School.

[An Address Given at the Installation of Dr. L. H. Murlin as President of Boston University.]

I count it a joy and an honor to be invited to come back as a graduate of the School of Theology of Boston University, not only to bring the greetings of Yale University on this happy occasion, but also incidentally—this was not included in my invitation or in my appointment, but it has a very large place in my heart—also incidentally to express some part of my sense of indebtedness for the help I have received in my Christian life and ministry, from this theological school.

In view of the fire of criticism now being directed toward the output of the theological schools, I have wondered sometimes if it would not be well for the Divinity School to have inscribed upon the doorposts of its house and to have as a front-let between its eyes those words addressed to the bishops and deacons of the church of Phillippi—"I pray that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment."

The two main elements in a vital ministry are there, named—love and knowledge, character and efficiency. Back of everything else as the driving force of everything that may be undertaken there must be a great love for Jesus Christ and his cause, a love for men which amounts to a passion to help them. Then coupled with that there must be a thorough knowledge which does not come to a man over night, that knowledge which is the result of long, hard, patient study. "I pray that your love may abound in knowledge and in all judgment."

Let me emphasize very briefly those two points. The student comes up to the school of theology to study religion. He comes to study it as it has found expression in two great literatures—the Old and the New Testament. He comes to study religion as it has found expression in the long and checkered history of the Christian Church and in the faiths of other races. He comes to study religion as a profound philosophy of life; he undertakes to ground his faith in the universal reason and to discover its fundamental agreement with the constitution of things as they are. He comes to study religion as an ethical program, a program which, if followed, will give the sense of peace and worth, one that will produce the desired results. He comes to study religion as a social aspiration, a dream of better things for the toiling millions, a kingdom of heaven at hand and realizable. And from each of those lines of study he will derive great benefit.

But underneath them all, and behind them all, and overarching them all, he comes to the school of theology to study religion by experiences at once the most personal and profound. He comes that he may know religion as a life—a life to be lived more nobly, more effectively, more joyously, by the stimulus, the guidance and the reinforcement afforded by religious faith.

The school of theology should be in a very noble sense a laboratory of religion. The man who is teaching chemistry in the chemical laboratory yonder, is not content to stand up and merely give his students tons of information about chemical law, or merely to impart valuable wisdom about the history of chemistry. He is not content to perform before their astonished eyes interesting and wonderful experiments. He insists that every student shall go into the laboratory and standing there on his own feet, take into his own hands the tubes and the materials and with his own particular amount of blunder and breakage, perform the experiments for himself. In that way he will come to know the various actions and reactions as they have been wrought out by his personal experience.

This is likewise the method in religion. The "oratory," the place of prayer, is the "laboratory," the place of personal experiment in spiritual reality. And the student comes to the school of theology that under competent direction and with inspiring fellowship he may take into his own hands and into his own heart the materials of religion, the great spiritual verities with which he is to deal.

In this way he comes to have the note of certitude. People are much more tolerant today toward the dogmatic than they are toward the groping, uncertain attitude. They want a man to speak, not as the scribes or the newspaper reporters, but as one having authority, the authority of first-hand knowledge. The man who comes to the laboratory of religion in the theological school which understands its business will go out by and by able to speak as the man who has been studying physics speaks of having seen a piece of steel wire burn like a match in pure ogygen, or as one versed in chemistry speaks of having seen oxygen and hydrogen, two invisible gases, combined in such proportions as to produce water which a thirsty man could drink. The man versed in religion will go out and speak about faith and hope and love, about reconciliation and moral renewal and spiritual invigoration, as a man who has first hand knowledge.

The man comes to the divinity school to study religion in that personal and profound way. It is not enough that he should be merely "a good man" as we lightly use that term; good enough, as we say, to keep out of the hands of the policeman; good enough not to have any official inquiry made into his character; good enough so that when the District Superintendent hears his name called in Conference, he will be able to answer, "Nothing against Brother Wesley."

The minister of Christ will need to be a man of vision and insight, a man of unselfish devotion and of ready sympathy, a man whose spiritual life is so energetic that it strikes out instantly in the presence of evil, it leaps in the presence of duty. And in order to be a man of that type he must have religion. That type of character cannot be achieved by any kind of mental dexterity; it must spring from experiences which are constant and dynamic.

I speak of this because I know that there are young men who do not make progress in individual Christian life in schools of theology. On the contrary, they slip back; they grow cold; they become less conscientious; they lose some of the fine sense of awe and reverence which they once felt in the presence of holy things. It need not be so but it is so. The Bible becomes a text-book like a trigonometry. The various activities of the life of the church are mere material on which the student is presently to pass an examination. Prayer, the communion, the hymns of love and trust lose much of their power of appeal because the student has become so familiar with them all.

I know something about theological schools. I spent three years in one of the best of them in this country, and afterwards did graduate work in another. For a number of years I spent one week each winter in a kind of personal retreat at some theological school, hearing lectures and mingling with students and professors. I have lectured in many theological schools and I know something about the problems of these young men and how some of them do slip back in vital religious experience.

There is very great necessity then that the theological school should not only train up expert scholars, but should

send out men who are profoundly versed in religion by personal experience, men whose love shall abound more and more in order that they may be able to render the high service contemplated by the founders of these schools.

In the second place this love was to "abound in all knowledge and judgment." The scholars are not quite sure whether this letter was written by Paul—if it was not it must have been written by some other man of equal ability whose name was Paul. If Paul wrote it we may be sure that a man brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a man able to preach with equal facility in Hebrew, his native tongue, or in Greek, the universal language of culture in his day, a man who wrote the best hymn on love in print and the best argument on immortality—we may be sure such a man would not be content with having the bishops and deacons at Philippi merely earnest men. Their love must abound in knowledge and in all judgment. They must have knowledge—sound, thorough, exact knowledge; and judgment—the habit of discrimination and discernment. The mind must be full, and it must be wise. The men were to have a grasp of facts and know how to organize material and bring about certain results. The man's love must abound, therefore, in these qualities which are to be gained only by thorough training.

You know men engaged in preaching who are good men—good enough so to speak, so good their people would scarcely want them to be any better, and they may be able to pour forth a steady and perhaps a showy stream of words. They think, therefore, that they can preach, that they are competent to interpret this varied literature, competent to offer a satisfactory philosophy of life to those who are groping, competent to take positions of leadership in this modern, intricate world of ours. Yet it may be that they have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with anything you could call thorough and accurate scholarship.

They do not know their Bibles. They have a glib familiarity with John 3:16, and the Twenty-third Psalm, and that lovely fourteenth chapter in the Fourth Gospel, but they do not know the life that found expression in that literature. They are not workmen approved of God, rightly dividing the word of truth, separating that which is local and temporary from that which is permanent and universal. They are not able to meet the doubts and queries of men who cannot quite adjust the authority of the Bible to the conditions of modern life.

They do not know their church history. They do not know how certain blunders and heresies have been sufficiently tried out and need not be tried over again in all the parishes of the land.

They have never done any continuous hard thinking in philosophy. They have received a certain dogmatic system as one might receive the contents of a dry goods box without inquiring very carefully as to its contents.

They have not even taken pains to study the technique of their profession. They do not always know how to spell, or to punctuate, or to write grammatical English. They do not know how to give good literary form to their message. It comes out anyway. How much it means that "He spoke as never man spoke." The subject matter was matchless; and the literary form was matchless. He took pains with it. He was familiar with the great literatures of his own day—Deuteronomy, Isaiah and the Psalms. Read the Sermon on the Mount; read the parable of the Prodigal Son; read the group of parables in Matthew xiii, and study the perfect form of them!

There are men engaged in preaching who have not taken pains to learn how to stand or how to speak. I had the misfortune within six months to sit under—literally "sit under"—a minister who gave us nearly all his utterances with his teeth shut. I suppose souls could be saved even though the Gospel message reached them through a wall of ivory—the Lord's hand is not shortened. But if that man is to preach for five years, or if by reason of strength and no time limit—ten years—to one congregation, he will have to open his mouth or move. The people will not stand it, and they ought not to stand it!

This is but a sample. There are many men possessed of great earnestness who, because they have not given attention to the technique of their profesison, are rendering the word of God of none effect compared with what it might acocmplish.

I rejoice to lay emphasis upon these two points in this presence because all graduates of the School of Theology of Boston University (and I think I may venture to add, those who may be fortunate enough to enjoy the ministry of the men it has sent out into the world) know how these two fine qualities are there combined. In this theological school we find thorough scholarship coupled with spiritual earnestness. The school is a seat of learning and it is a place of spiritual culture, a home for the deepening of religious experience. The sense of gratitude which I cherish for help received in my own Christian development in that school of theology is a standing obligation. It is a fixed charge, as business men say, upon all my operating expenses.

And as we gather here to give our expressions of good will to President Murlin, I think of that school yonder on Beacon Hill looking out over this area, which has enjoyed a certain intellectual primacy in our country—looking out upon this city which has furnished so much of the spiritual earnestness needed for moral reform and rilligious advance; and I hear it saying, when it sees its students approaching, "We pray that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment."

A GLIMPSE OF SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Comment and Excerpt.

"Just Over the Hill." By Margaret Slattery. In this charmingly written little volume of 178 pages, boys and girls, young men and young women, can ascertain to considerable extent what lies for them "just over the hill" in life. Miss Slattery writes on such subjects as Success, Concentration, Cheerfulness, Courtesy, A Good Time, Character, "With Others" and "Each for All," so delightfully as to cause the person who dips into her book on any one page to desire to go through it, and thus get all its richness. These ten talks in story form, instinct with life, will prove exceedingly helpful to every young person into whose hands they may come, and stimulating to people of all ages. For all we are children—never too old to learn, and always needing suggestion and reminder. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 75 cents net; postage 7 cents.)

"The Lure of Books." By Lyman Harold Hough. An attractive booklet of 24 pages from which we quote: "The last great thing about the lure of books to a true man, leading a growing life, is that after they have taken him out of himself, after they have made him familiar with a rich and varied life, they have another service to perform:

they reveal him to himself. Many men have found themselves in books. Some things they have read have revealed a subtile kinship with dawning meanings in their own lives." The personal test is said to be the final one for the individual man. "The book to which he does not respond at all, after giving it an adequate opportunity to speak to him, is not the book for him now. He may grow into it at some later time. The book which irresistibly calls a man, providing it is a noble book, and best of all, if it has a window open toward Jerusalem, is the book a man must read and master and make his own." (Eaton & Mains, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, 25 cents net.)

"The Victorious Surrender." By Henry Turner Bailey. An excellent little story to put into the hands of the young, showing as it does in a graphic way a boy's growing comprehension and acceptance of the Divine Will. And the strange part of the story we find to be that the boy who thought at one time in his experience that he was called to preach, never felt the call after full surrender had been made. Later in life, as mayor of a great city and a man prominent widely in public life, he said: "I see now that what God wanted was the surrender of my will to his. He knew what I could do. He knew how to get me trained for it. He foresaw for me the happiest, most useful life possible—a life I could not even dream of. He wanted me to live that life for the greatest good and happiness of the largest possible number of his children. That is his good will for every man and woman on earth. Oh, why can't we all see it, believe it, accept it!" We know not whether "Victorious Surrender" is fiction or fact, but we do know that the vital and sincere religious experience herein set forth has many parallels and similarities in actual life, and believe that the book will be highly serviceable among the young in the moulding of spiritual life. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; Unique Envelope edition, 25 cents net.)

"Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers." By S. Parkes Cadman. The volume thus designated consists of seven lectures on great English thinkers of the 19th century, with reference to their religious and ethical value—Darwin, Huxley, John Stuart Mill, James Martineau and Matthew Arnold. The author says in the preface: "I am profoundly convinced that science and philosophy and ethics, however they may appear on the surface, are the friends and not the foes of religion. And I believe that a new day has dawned for the Christian Church, in which she can fearlessly and yet reverently utilize their newer conceptions for the enrichment of her message to the generation she seeks to serve." It has not been his aim to write a constructive work along these lines, but simply to place in the most favorable light consistent with accuracy a group of thinkers whose teachings have been sometimes supposed to stand in irreconcilable contradiction to the essential truths of Christianity. Dr. Cadman has long been one of the leaders of Congregationalism—a man well qualified by training and temperament for such a work, keenly alive to the doubts and difficulties of the average mind and thoroughly versed in the philosophical skepticism of the century in which these great thinkers lived. By his conciliatory plea for the harmony which in reality exists between scientific and other phases of truth he has done great service. (Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.25 net; postage 10 cents.)

"The Three Greatest Maxims." By Albert Josiah Lyman. We have here five practical addresses upon subjects relating to the conduct of life. They are: The Three Greatest Maxims of the World, Jesus' Method of Moral Battle, The Moral Binocular, Better to Carry than to Leave, Saint Paul's Seven-Roomed House of Life." We quote from the article, "Better to Carry than to Leave": "Who are the public men whose lives mean most to you? Not the men who have never been defeated; not even the men who merely rise above and forget their defeats, and then go on as before; but the men who have the tact and the dexterous, finished mastery to utilize those very defeats,—these are the men whose example most inspires us. To show that which before carried us—that is the thing; not merely by a pious fraud or mental lie to disown the old palsy, the old shattered agony, the couch of defeat, but to transmute it; not merely to abandon the old burden, but to stand on it as on a pedestal; to swing it as a slinger slings the very stone he has stumbled over; to transform it as Abraham Lincoln transformed his poverty and rude early environment into some new cogency of energy." In showing how Lincoln in his public life held always to this priciple of transformation mention is made of the cry from some lips, "Hang the rebels!" and of Lincoln's immortal answer, "No, hang on to them." Dr. Lyman, the author of this suggestive volume is pastor of one of our leading Congregational churches, the South of Brooklyn, New York, where he has served for 37 years. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 75 cents net; postage 10 cents.)

"The Gleaners." By Clara E. Laughlin. A beautiful little story of present-day life, showing the transformation which a copy of Millet's painting, "The Gleaners," worked in several lives! Among the persons depicted are women who would slave themselves sick to get up a benefit for some needy person, but "the undramatic business of paying out an additional half dollar a week on the washing bill is almost beyond them." The result in the numerous lives woven into the story was a determination on the part of each to be "a patient gardener of ideals no matter in how small a patch of ground." The lives through which runs the romance in the story are those of the young man and yong woman who found themselves **"molta simpatica"**—having many tastes and ideals and understandings in common. When the girl exclaims, "Isn't it pretty? 'Molta simpatica,' what a lovely thing to be! " the young man replies: "Isn't it? And how wonderfully it does help! I've met any number of persons after whom, when they had left me, I could only look and blink, in a dazed kind of way, and say, 'How clever!' But I can't seem to remember that any one of that sort ever gave me any real help. The people who do that are the ones who continue in some lovely way to set us right with our best selves. I don't seem to know just how to express it, but **you** know. You've met people whose effect on you was to make you dig down and bring up some splendid aspiration that you used to cherish and then had put by, thinking you could never reach anywhere near to it; and somehow these people make you believe you **can**; and you try again, and succeed! Now, nobody need te l me that the fairies are all dead while miracles like that are still happening in the world!" (F. H. Revell Co., New York, 75 cents net.)

"Through the Mill." By Al Priddy. This autobiography of a mill boy sets forth in a graphic manner the lives of toil and drudgery in the greatest factories. Well will it be for our civilization when in the upward trend of things all are borne out of it as at length after many

sordid years the train bore Al Priddy away to make something of himself. As he sat that morning waiting for the train to carry him away he heard the mill bell and whistles give their first warning to the workers and he said to himself, "You'll never call for me again, I hope!" We quote: "Then the train started, and I glued my face to the window pane to catch a last glimpse of the city where for seven years I had been trying to ahead of machinery and had failed. The train went slowly over the grade crossings. I saw the mill crowds at every street, held back by the gates, waiting deferentially while I, who had been one of them last week, was whirled along towards an education. I saw them as I had walked with them—women in shawls and looking always tired, men in rough clothes and with dirty clay pipes prodded in their mouths, and girls in working aprons, and boys just as I had been, in overalls and undershirts. And I was going away from it all, in spite of everything!" And so will everybody! But, when? One cannot read "Through the Mill" without the thought that Al Priddy would have been free from considerable of the curse of present-day life if the home in which he dwelt had not been blighted by drink. At one stage in his career we hear his uncle saying to him of his aunt: "That woman stops me from being a better man, Al. You don't know, lad, how often I try to tone up, and she always does something to prevent me from carrying it out. I suppose it's partly because she drinks too and likes it better than I do. Drink makes quite a difference in people, God knows! It's the stuff that kept me from being a man." And so Al Priddy was led to stand on his tip toes, talk deep, so as to seem big and old, and join with his uncle in swearing that he was of legal age and so to enter on the mill life that in some of its aspects is enough to damn everybody responsible for it. Read "Through the Mill" and you will see some of the things in our industrial system that need a speedy change and cure. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.35 iet; postage 15 cents.)

"The Friendship of Jesus." By Robert Wells Veach. The fact of this friendship and the realization of it have consideration herein. "All true friendship breathes the tenderest and most fragrant sentiment, just as the rose exhales perfume," says the author; "but like the rose, it must live by the laws of its own nature. We must be true to the laws of psychology, of ethics, and of God's spirit, if we would share with Jesus his friendship." In the course of his writing the author remarks: "Friendship depends upon exchange of soul, but never upon mere fleshly presence." As to the friendship between Jesus and the beloved disciple John, the remark is: "It was far more spiritual and real in the evening twilight of Ephesus and Patmos than it was that sacred night when John leaned upon his Master's breast." Self-giving is spoken of as "the open doorway into the higher friendship," and the meaning of self-giving is said to be in the single word "Calvary." In the heart of a little girl in the slums of a great city were the odor of Gethsemane and the gleam of Calvary. "A hundred children of the slums were returning from a visit to the country. Little Rosie, wearing a pair of very old and very large shoes, was the object of a chorus of gibes. The attendant remembered that Rosie had had a pair of new shoes, and she asked what had become of them. "Well," said Rosie, "you see, these shoes ain't mine. They're Katie's. I know they're awful big, but her mother ain't had any work lately, so she couldn't buy her a new pair. She just gave her own shoes to Katie. Katie felt awful bad about it and cried all the way to the station. The girls all laughed at her. So I just lent her my new ones and took hers. You see, teacher," said Rosie, raising her eyes to the attendant's face, "Katie's my friend." Friendship with Jesus is said to mean just this: "That Christ, through the power of the cross and the indwelling Spirit, is ever seeking to realize his highest ideal self through each individual life. Thus he becomes not only our perfect ideal, but also the spiritual dynamic for its attainment. But it means even more than this. It means that we enter into and share his friendship by seeking to realize his ideal, which has now become our ideal through the giving of ourselves to others." (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 75 cents net.)

"A Letter to the Rising Generation." By Cornelia A. P. Comer. The author is of the opinion that there has been a falling off in the human product of late years and sets forth some of the things which she regards as evidences of this. "It is a matter of ordinary comment," she asserts, "that the children of cultivated fathers and mothers do not nowadays grow up the equals of their parents in refinement and cultivation. There must, then, be strong vulgarizing elements outside the home, as well as some weakness within, so to counteract and make of little worth the gentler influences of their intimate life." And the query is: "How can anything avail to refine children whose taste in humor is formed by the colored supplements of the Sunday paper, as their taste in entertainment is shaped by continuous vaudeville and the moving-picture show?" The author declares that she has come across many members of the rising generation to whom conceptions of conduct that were the foundations of existence to decent people even fifteen years their seniors were unintelligible. From the vocabularies of such the word unselfishness had vanished. "Of altruism they had heard. They thought it meant giving away money if you had plenty to spare. They approved of 'altruism,' but 'self-sacrifice' was literally as Sanscrit to their ears. They demanded ease; they shirked responsibility. They did not seem able to respond to the notion of duty as human nature has always managed to respond to it." One cannot turn the pages of this book without the thought that it does accurately picture some of the rising generation, but very fortunately only a part. The reading of it will cause many a young man and young woman to think seriously—and parents also, for some are characterized as "conscientious and energetic in looking after Tom's teeth and eyes, Mary's hair, tonsils and nasal passages, but utterly unconscious seemingly that mental rickets and curvature of the soul are far more deforming than crooked teeth and adenoids." Then, too, there is herein something for children of larger growth, for instance, this: "The other day I beheld a woman whose husband earns something less than two hundred dollars a month purchasing her season's wardrobe. Into it went one hat at fifty dollars and another at thirty dollars. Her neighbors in the flat-building admired and envied. One of the bolder wondered. 'Well, I can't help it,' said Mrs. J. 'I just tell Mr. J. life isn't worth livin' if I can't have what I want.' This, you see, was her way of liberating the natural will. The truth is that life isn't worth living if you can have what you want—unless you happen to be the exceptional person who wants discipline, responsibility, effort, suffering." (Pilgrim Press, Boston; 25 cents net, in unique envelope edition.)

SEVEN CITIES—THEIR DIFFICULTIES, THEIR DREAMS, THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, AS SEEN BY A VACATION WANDERER.

8.—The Possibilities of Oakland.

(From a Series of Sunday Evening Sermons by Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.)

Oakland certainly spells opportunity. Its most outstanding advantage is its commercial destiny. Here is where land and water meet. With our splendid new harbor and our three transcontinental railway terminals, our abundant and convenient factory sites, the commercial future of Oakland seems as solid as that of New York City.

Along with this goes the opportunity of building a city of rare beauty. No other city in the world which I have ever visited, except Naples, has so charming a location as Oakland with the Bay at her feet and the great hills towering above her. If we plan with far-sighted wisdom, if we provide boulevards and civic centers, playgrounds and spacious parks, the future city of commerce can also grow up to be a city of rare beauty and attractiveness.

Oakland also has splendid possibilities along moral and spiritual lines. It is the religious stronghold of Northern California and it has inherited from the past sound traditions of culture and sobriety. It has not been altogether undeserving of its nickname "Athens" and the molding influence of preachers like J. K. McLean, R. F. Coyle, E. R. Dille and Charles R. Brown, is upon its citizenship.

The Panama Canal holds the key to the present decade on the Pacific Coast. Its opening doubtless means great growth and great changes in our population. In the decade, 1900-10, Oakland increased from 67,000 to 150,000 in population or 124 per cent. It is altogether probable that the decade of 1910-20 will witness another increase of at least 100 per cent. But the opening of the Panama Canal means that no small proportion of these new citizens will be foreigners, for direct water communication with Europe will undoubtedly bring in a large foreign immigration, especially from Italy and Southeastern Europe. Where it costs $35 from Naples to New York now, it need not cost over $50 to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal.

When this foreign inundation begins to arrive will we be ready to receive it or will we repeat here the deplorable conditions in certain eastern cities? Now is the time to set our house in order and lay out a big and comprehensive program for the future. We can safeguard the future by present action and it is vastly easier to prevent evils than to cure them.

To the end that Oakland may achieve her possibilities, moral and artistic, spiritual and commercial, we ought to make progress along the following lines:

(1) A City Club. The City Clubs of Boston and Rochester and the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco are splendid examples of the value in creating public opinion that may come from a large group of men getting together regularly for luncheon and the discussion of civic problems. The students at Yale vote for compulsory chapel, not because of its religious value, but because they believe the famous Yale spirit is vitally connected with the fact that the whole college gets together at chapel every morning. Oakland needs something that will gather, once a week, two or thre hundred of its most loyal citizens to lunch together and to consider some problem of city life.

(2) A City Plan. One of the first things which such a City Club would probably take up, and one of the things which we ought to have at once, is a comprehensive city plan. A City Planning Commission, composed of the most competent men obtainable, should be appointed at once and asked to report such a plan in outline within a year. Out at the University of California they have a plan and new buildings as they are built arise in accordance with this plan. Gradually there is developing a symmetrical whole, each building harmonizing with the others and fitting into the general scheme of things. A city, no less than a university, should have a plan indicating its future boulevards and parks, civic centers and playgrounds, and making a study of transportation problems and the avoidance of overcrowding.

(3) A City Farm...It is no longer tolerable that a city should shut up its petty offenders in close confinement in a jail, even through that jail be ever so sanitary, clean and well ventilated. The city owes to the petty offender a chance to get the alcohol out of his system and make a new start on a farm in the fresh air, under God's blue sky. Unless we are going to be mediaeval rather than modern in our attitude toward the criminal, we will follow the example of Cleveland, and Milwaukee, and Kansas City, and the city will own a farm.

(4) Repression of the Liquor Traffic. I do not believe that the absolute elimination of the liquor traffic is a present possibility for Oakland, much as I would desire it, and if we are to have a large increase of population, absolute prohibition becomes thereby all the more difficult. But there are three things which could be done looking toward a more scientific control and repression of this evil: One of them is the elimination of saloons from the residence districts and the reduction of their number to the Massachusetts standard of one per thousand inhabitants. Another thing which ought to be done is the insistence of an absolutely open front to every saloon, and the entire separation of liquor selling from all forms of amusement. The third thing which ought to be done is the appointment of a commission to investigate the Gothenburg System and to study the possibility of eliminating from the liquor traffic the whole element of private profit. It seems to me that a sane and scientific control of the liquor evil lies along these lines.

(5) A More Efficient Church Life. Up to date we have been conducting our church work upon the general principles of a country town, each church being gloriously independent. But we shall not meet the religious problem of the city unless we learn to view that problem as a whole and line up our church organizations in some effective and co-operative fashion. The water supply of the city is no longer secured by each man digging his own well; there is one great system of pipes reaching every house in town. The lighting of the city is no longer secured by each man owning his own kerosene lamp; there is a great network of wires reaching every house in town. We are not going to supply the city adequately with the water of life and we are not going to be most truly loyal to Him who said, "I am the Light of the World" unless, as churches, we forget our jealous independence and learn to co-operate in the work of making religion real and vital in every city block.

This means that within each denomination there must come a new responsibility on the part of the strong churches for the weaker churches. Some of our churches are on the firing line and some are on the reserve. The strong churches on the reserve must furnish workers and money that those chuches which are on the firing line may do efficient service and not retreat.

This also means that the different denominations must get together in an effective Federation, study the religious problem of Oakland as a whole, and seek so to organize

the different regiments in our Christian Army that they shall work harmoniously in a great common task.

In conclusion, I would say that I believe that the city is not only "the Hope of Democracy," but also the Hope of Christianity. Primitive Christianity won out in a city civilization and I believe that out of the very challenge of our city problems there is to come a Christianity with a broader brotherhood and with a deeper spirituality because of the great appeal for sacrifice and service which comes from the modern city.

A POSSIBLE ANSWER TO DR. POND'S QUESTION ABOUT APPLIED PRAGMATISM.

Leslie B. Briggs.

I believe that we are all agreed that the Pragmatist asks the question, "Does it work?" I am sure that Dr. Pond is asking the same question about "fruits" of labor in the church, that all of us are asking.

If I may be so bold as to say so, I think most of our discussion about "preaching the gospel" is utterly futile, simply because each does not understand the other's meaning. Something like a year ago I had occasion to make a statement of what seemed to me to be the aim of the Church of Jesus Christ. Since then I have made the statement to many, both young and old, and as yet I have the first one to disagree with it, whether he belong to the "Evangelical school" or the "Social school." I repeat the statement, wondering if it is not the common ground upon which we all stand. I believe in personal salvation, through the love of God as revealed in Jesus Christ our Lord. I also believe that as persons we are saved to serve. If we are to serve best we must have both love and knowledge. "Our wills are ours to make them thine," so our minds are ours to seek the Divine.

I believe that we all agree that our lives are changed from bad to good by the redeeming, regenerating work of the Holy Spirit in the human life. Are we not all agreed that this continuous procession of New Birth is an impossibility unless we consecrate ourselves to the service of God? How can we serve God unless we serve man? How can we serve man unless we understand what man needs to have us do for him? It is our business to bring about the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. The most orthodox of the "Evangelical School" believe in giving all possible human aid to the brother who is confined to his bed with physical ills. The most radical of the "Social School" believe in giving all possible human aid to those who are sick. If there be any difference between the so-called two schools, as far as I am able to see it, it is simply this: The one believes in expressing love by aiding those who are sick; the other believes in expressing love by aiding those who are sick and also by doing all possible to keep people from getting sick. Both schools believe that man "is saved by grace." Both schools believe that the man who is a friend with God must express his friendliness by being a friend of God's children. One lays emphasis upon "New Birth"; the other lays emphasis upon friendliness after the "New Birth."

Dr. Pond makes the Pragmatic test in a general way. I will answer him by making the test in a local way. What churches on the Pacific coast are more successful than First Church, San Francisco, Plymouth Church, Oakland, and First Church, Oakland? Who will question that Dr. Chas. F. Aked, Dr. C. R. Brown and Rev. A. W. Palmer are conspicuously "Social" preachers?

Surely all will understand that this is written in the same brotherly spirit as was the article which caused me to write it. I am laboring in a field where the Pastor Emeritus of our church, Dr. W. C. PCond, for more than thirty years wove his life into the community and I know too much of his good "fruits" to question his motives or scope of vision.

ANOTHER COMMENT.

Editor The Pacific:

May I express my pleasure at reading in your last week's issue the article by W. C. P. It shows to me what I have suspected, that the real cause of our trouble is we are not converting souls in our churches. The conversions taking place are in the missions where the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ is preached. How can anyone enthuse over a gospel they have never seen in action? transforming lives.

In a large church of over 800 members not far from here at a recent prayer meeting some one had the audacity to suggest that their church never had any conversions, and one spoke up and said: "I have been a member for 16 years and never heard of any in that time."

"Go preach the Gospel," said our Master.

Avalon, Cal., Nov. 18, '11. M. A. M.

THE CITY TEMPLE PASTOR.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of City Temple, London, is to extend his visit to this country as far as the Pacific Coast. It is expected that he will be in this vicinity at the Christmas time, and will speak in Congregational and other religious circles on different occasions. Part of the time Mr. Campbell will be the guest of Mayor Wilson of Berkeley, who toured England with him some years ago and spoke on social questions. Mr. Campbell is one of the world's greatest preachers and his visit to the Coast is anticipated here with much pleasure.

OUR BOOK REVIEWS.

A friend of The Pacific writes concerning our notices of new books: "They are the kind which are of most use to readers because they tell just what the book is about. My trouble with most reviewers is that I cannot tell from their reviews whether the book that is noticed is one I want or not."

We have had similar trouble, and accordingly try not to review a book but to give as best we can in brief an idea of what it really is. Then, too, we always have the desire to put into those columns not mere statement, but interesting and valuable reading matter—thoughts here and there that will find lodgment in different minds and bear fruit.

AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL COUNCIL.

Last week The Pacific had an article concerning "The Neglected Fields Survey in Great Western States."

The meeting for Northern and Central California will be on December 5th and 6th, in the First Baptist Church of San Francisco.

The program for the session on Tuesday afternoon, December 5th, will consist of papers and addresses on

"Unmet Needs."

1. In Rural Districts, Rev. L. D. Rathbone, superintendent California Home Missionary Society (Congregational).

2. Among Foreigners, Rev. Geo. A. Blair, superintendent San Francisco Presbytery.

3. In Small Towns, Rev. C. W. Brinstad, superintendent Baptist Home Missionary Society.

4. In Congested Urban Districts, Rev. E. L. Parsons, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley.

5. In Lumber and Mining Camps, Rev. A. W. Mell, secretary of American Bible Society.

6. Among Indians, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, Northern California Indian Association.

7. In Social Ministry, Rev. J. W. Conley, D.D., pastor of First Baptist Church, Fresno.

8. Among Orientals, Rev. G. W. Hinman, American Missionary Association.

9. The Future Development of California, R. N. Lynch, manager California Development Board.

Those expected from the East are: Rev. L. C. Barnes, D.D., field secretary American Baptist Home Missionary Society; Rev. Hubert C. Herring, D.D., general secretary Congregational Home Missionary Society; Rev. Ward Platt, D.D., assistant corresponding secretary Board of Home Missions and Church Extension Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. I. N. McCash, secretary American Christian Missionary Society! Rev. C. Whitney, secretary Home Missionary Society United Brethren in Christ; Mr. Joseph Ernest McAfee, associate secretary Board of Home Missions of Presbyterian Church in United States of America.

Evening session, December 5th, on "City Evangelism," speakers to be selected from the foregoing list.

Morning session, December 6th, plan to be formulated for definite investigation and census of religious needs in Northern California.

UNION ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

The San Francisco and Bay Associations will meet in joint sessions in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Thursday, December 14th. Thus shall we have again some of that good fellowship which we had as Congregationalists hereabouts before the associations were divided.

JAPANESE PASTOR ORDAINED.

Mr. Kunio Kodaira, pastor of the Japanese Independent Congregational Church of Oakland, was ordained to the Christian ministry at a special meeting of the Bay Association, held at the Japanese Church on Sycamore St., Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 15th.

Mr. Kodaira, who is a graduate of the North Japan College at Sendai and of our own Pacific Theological Seminary, read a very thoughtful and scholarly paper and answered many questions in a way which won the respect and hearty approval of the council. It was very interesting to hear a man who had come out of a home where both Shinto and Buddhist rites were observed make so fine and philosophical a statement of his belief in Theism and his loyalty to Christ.

The service of ordination was simple but impressive, the charge to the candidate being given by Professor Buckham, the prayer of ordination by Rev. Albert W. Palmer, the Moderator, and the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. C. L. Mears, Rev. B. L. Brittin, and Rev. Samuel Patterson. A number of the members of the Japanese Church was present and a very touching part of the service was the singing of the hymns by the united congregation, some singing in English and some in Japanese. A. W. P.

MRS. DAMON'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

Emma Younglove.

Mrs. Damon was small and bowed and old, and, though it was Thanksgiving week, she was very, very homesick. When she went to the hospital it seemed a comfortable place with its smooth white bed and its fresh sunny air. But that was in the spring, a long, long time ago, and she was very sick then. Now she was well and could move about her room and sit in the sunshine on the wide veranda overlooking the ocean, the curve of the beach, and the islands on the outer edge of the visible sea. The view was nearly the same as from the upper windows of her house, but how she did yearn for a sight of it from her own home perched high on the hillside. She could walk in the hospital garden, too, if she chose, every one of these glorious California mornings. But she longed to be in her own garden and tend the few growing things which persisted in living in that exposed and neglected spot.

"Day after tomorrow will be my birthday, my ninetieth birthday," she kept saying to herself. "I am always at home on my birthday."

The feeling of homesickness grew upon her.

Notwithstanding her placid face and gentle voice Mrs. Damon had a mind of her own. She slipped quietly out of the hospital grounds and walked a few hundred feet in the direction of her home. She returned without having been missed. Her success in establishing her independence greatly elated her.

In the afternoon Miss Brewer called,—a friend who had not visited her since she had been in the hospital. Through the open door the approaching guest saw the little white-haired woman bending over an unfinished silk quilt spread upon the bed. Mrs. Damon extended a cordial greeting, after which the conversation naturally centered in the quilt. It was of an elaborate pattern with thirty-two triangular pieces to a block, an dthe work was neatly done, though in a few places the relative position of dark and light colors was reversed. Mrs. Damon said that she had just completed the piecing and that it was her thirty-fifth silk quilt. Miss Brewer secretly wondered whether her memory was accurate. Mrs. Damon gently stroked her friend's silk sleeve and spoke admiringly of the color. She said suggestively, "If I had the pieces left from making your waist and pieces of one other kind, I would make a pretty sample block for you, dear, so that you, too, could piece a quilt."

Mrs. Damon had a way of addressing every one as "dear" in a way that was almost caressing.

A wealthy friend had provided for her at the hospital and hoped to do so while she lived. She regarded his patronage as a high honor. Her eyes, the color of the "Baby-Blue-Eyes" which grew at the roadside, lighted with pride as she called the attention of her guest to the pretty blue tiles of the fireplace. "This is a very expensive place to be," she said, naively continuing, "You can see how expensive it is if you will stand up by that door and read from the card fastened to it what the prices are."

"Everything is very nice at the hospital, dear," she added, and everybody is very kind. But everything has to be done by rule. I cannot even make my own bed, because it is the rule that the nurse shall make it. I want to go back to my own home, where I can make my own bed and have things just the way I want them."

The next day, the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, Mrs. Damon secretly set out for home. How bright the morning sun seemed! A little bird somewhere sang its song, not seasonal but very sweet, and her heart bounded with joy not seasonal but as gay as if it were the springtime of life. Autumn flowers were blossoming in all the gardens, —mourning bride, of larger growth and more varied coloring than in her first garden, but still a favorite as in the days of her youth; lavender, whose fragrance had grown dearer to her ever since a little child, she gathered it beside the path which led to her mother's door. There were many flowers which in this semi-tropical climate scarcely know spring or summer, autumn or winter,—sweet peas, carnations and roses. As she loitered along the way, memory, led by the sweet suggestion of the flowers, played hide-and-seek with all her past.

The morning sped. At length she became conscious that her aged limbs were weary and refused to bear her farther. Her brain, too, was weary and she could not think where she was. Only the great desire to be at home was not lessened. The next day would be her birthday. She longed to spend her birthday at home.

The midday sun was dazzling and its brightness confusing, though its heat was mercifully tempered by the sea-breeze.

So, dazed and weary, she was found by her friend Mrs. Burroughs half way between the hospital and her home.

"I am not exactly running away," she explained in a quavering voice, "I do not call it running away, dear. But tomorrow will be my birthday, and I thought I ought to be at home, for perhaps some one will call upon me."

Thoroughly exhausted Mrs. Damon slept in her own bed that night the long, dreamless sleep of childhood. When she awoke the sunbeams were gaily dancing across the blue-and-white pieced quilt upon her bed. She rose and looked out over a wide expanse of ocean, whose farther edge was broken in places by far-away islands, and whose shore-line stretched on and on in graceful curves and jutting points. It was very beautiful to her eyes, and every familiar point and line had an added charm when seen from the home she loved.

That afternoon many friends called to extend congratulations and birthday wishes, each bearing a tribute of fruit or flowers or confectionery. Two teachers came after school hours, bringing a wonderful bouquet of ninety centaurias, white and heliotrope, wreathed with fern. Mrs. Burroughs, whose busy telephone had instigated the informal gathering, was mistress of ceremonies, and herself brought the birthday cake.

This was greeted with great acclaim, and Mrs. Damon said gaily, "I guess I'll be rich,—surrounded by ninety burning candles! Surrounded by ninety burning candles!"

A delicate charm played about the hostess. Her face white touched with rose, was refined and animated in its setting of snow hair. She was sweetly gracious and delightfully entertained her guests from the rich treasures of her memory. She told stories of her childhood in Western New York, then the frontier of civilization. When a very little girl, not more than seven or eight years old, she had spelled down two schools and had received as a prize a bottle of whiskey. Asked whether she would prefer to take it home or treat the crowd, she chose the latter—oh! yes, she would do so still. She took the gourd from the water pail and the prize she had won and went in and out among the crowd, so that all might share.

Mrs. Damon's verbal memory was wonderful. She repeated a long poem from Goldsmith, and, if occasionally the poet's word or phrase was not forthcoming, she improvised without a pause, and though the thought might suffer, rhyme or meter rarely failed. Then followed a quaint little poem by an unknown author, about "A Gentle Ghost," which frightened passers on the road at dusk until the pattering footsteps proved to be a fawn's. A grotesque and terrible accident had occurred in the neighborhood where Mrs. Damon passed her youth. A young man was pursuing his sweetheart in sport when she turned and threw at him the scissors she had in her hand. A point pierced his heart and in a few moments the lover was dead. A local poet narrated this event in a long series of doggerel verses. These verses she recited with gusto, entering into the tragic feeling which the catastrophe itself produced.

But her favorite verses were ancient ones appropriate to the Thanksgiving season:

"There is a happy country,
  It lieth far away;
'Tis over the Atlantic
  In North America.

"There is a happy people,
  Sojourning in that land;
Their churches all with steeples
  Most delicately stand.

"Their houses, like the lily,
  Are painted red and gay;
They flourish like the lily,
  In North America.

"On turkeys, fowls, and fishes
  Most frequently they dine;
With gold and silver dishes
  Their tables always shine.

"Wine sparkles in their glasses,
  They spend their time away
In merriment and dances
  In North America."

When the other guests had all gone Mrs. Burroughs sat and chatted a few minutes with her aged friend. Thanksgiving eve was drawing near. The sun was low in the west, and for Mrs. Damon, who never had a light in her house, it was almost retiring time.

"I am very, very glad to be at home," she said.

"Are you not afraid alone here when night comes?" asked Mrs. Burroughs.

"Yes, dear, I am afraid," frankly responded the old lady. "But before it is quite dark I undress, say my prayers, and hop into bed. Then I sing myself to sleep."

Ventura, Cal.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Next Monday the address at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by Mr. Tong King Chong, the editor of the Chinese Free Press, San Francisco, on "The Revolution in China."

The following Monday the meeting will be at Pacific Theological Seminary in Berkeley. The program will be arranged by Professor Buckham of the Seminary and will

be inspirational and devotional. One feature will be a "Bibl Study" talk.

There will be two sessions, one at 11 a. m. and one at 1:30 p. m.; the one about an hour and a half long; the other about an hour.

Lunch will be taken together at some near-by restaurant.

The desire is to secure a large attendance and to make the meeting a deeply spiritual one.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, First.—This church is bereaved by the death at Pasadena on the 13th of November of Deacon B. Hays. He served this church with full purpose of heart. He loved the Church and we loved him. The First Church and pastor will unite with Temple Emanuel and Rabbi Meyer in Thanksgiving services in the Jewish house of worship. Dr. Aked will give the sermon. Subject, "The Gospel of the Smiths."

Woodland.—Three more came into the membership of the church Sunday, Nov. 19, and several are waiting for their letters to unite with us. It was the biggest day in the church for years, after returning from the union revival meetings at the armory. The church presents a very attractive appearance since the repairs. Next Sunday the Woman's Missionary Society will have charge of the morning service, and will without doubt raise the remainder of our apportionment to be paid before Christmas time. This will be the first time our apportionment has been met for years, if we succeed; and women vote in California now.

Berkeley, First.—The reports at the annual meeting last week showed that $6,527 had been paid out on current expenses during the year. The amount received on pledges made about two years ago to liquidate the church debt was $2,233. The largest amount paid out on current expenses, aside from the pastor's salary, was to the choir, $1,695. The apportionment for the benevolences was $2,165, and the report of the treasurer showed $1,604 paid up to Nov. 1st, with the full amount pledged. During the year there were 40 additions to the membership, making present enrollment 594. There are more than a hundred non-residents.

Los Angeles, Park.—Park Congregational Church, Los Angeles, has started what is named "A pleasant Sunday evening service. Rev. Thomas Hendry, a much esteemed former pastor, kindly prepared the programs for the first two services, consisting of recitations, instrumental music, solos by Rev. Thomas Hendry, followed by a short gospel address by Rev. C. S. Billings at the first service and by the pastor, Rev. John H. Cooper, at the second. The attendance has greatly improved, the auditorium being filled, not a very common Sunday evening experience. The coming Sabbath evening the English hand-bell ringers of our own church will play "The Chimes," and a mass meeting will be held in the interest of a saloonless Los Angeles.l To save the Sunday evening service the church in some legitimate way will have to get out of its ruts.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND AND THE REV. L. L. WIRT.

At a recent meeting of the First Congregational Church of Oakland the following was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, after three years' work among us as our assistant pastor, has presented his resignation to take effect December 1, 1911; and

"Whereas, Mr. Wirt has always worked among us with earnestness, enthusiasm and unselfishness, with ready sympathy, anxious to help, seeking always the advancement of Christ's kingdom among us: and while the church has been without a pastor he has been watchful and untiring in his efforts to keep all departments of the church in active condition, now therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we accept the resignation of Mr. Wirt, to take effect December 1, 1911, and wish him a full measure of joy and success in such new field of labor as he may enter. Be it further

"Resolved, That in recognition of the spirit of loyalty and helpfulness shown by him for this church, we adopt the recommendation of the trustees and the deacones that Mr. Wirt be given the sum of one thousand dollars."

Mr. Wirt, when he returned to California after his several years service in other lands, had wide welcome, and he has been found as of old a valuable man in our Congregational fellowship. This gracious recognition by the Oakland Church, which he has so faithfully and ably served for three years, of his labors there will come with pleasure to his large circle of friends all over the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Wirt has been hoping for some time that the way would open up for him to give some attention to his travel lectures and to some literary matters, and plans to start for Boston the day after Christmas, where he can have access to library materials not available on the Pacific Coast. His family will remain in Oakland for a time.

Many are hoping that Mr. Wirt's future work will be not on the Atlantic, but on the Pacific Coast.

REV DR. CAMPBELL RESIGNS AT SIERRA MADRE.

Sierra Madre News for November the 10th contained the following:

"Members of the First Congregational Church were taken completely by surprise when Rev. James M. Campbell, D.D., presented his resignation as pastor at the close of the morning service last Sunday. It was the occasion of the completion of his sixth year as pastor of the church and the address of the morning had been in the nature of a retrospective view. The resignation was left in the hands of an official to be read after the pastor had retired and no one had an inkling of the nature of the paper until it was read. It contained a request that formal action be taken on the resignation in two weeks. It is to be effective on May 1, after the completion of the heavy work of the winter season. During his pastorate in Sierra Madre, Dr. Campbell has so endeared himself to the people both in and out of the church that if the resignation is accepted it will be only with the deepest regret."

Dr. Campbell came to Southern California several years ago after years of successful work in the East. He is a man of deep spirituality, whose life has gone into the Christian life of the last few decades far more widely than that of the average man, for along with his pulpit and pastoral work he has been an author and writer of books

of high value. The present writer will always remember with what interest and profit he read about twenty years ago the one entitled, "The Indwelling Christ." Among the other noteworthy books by Dr. Campbell are: "Unto the Uttermost," "After Pentecost, What?" "The Heart of the Gospel," "Paul the Mystic," and "Grow Old Along With Me." California is glad to number this gifted man among her ministers and the wish of all who know him will be that his years may be many yet among us.

THE FRUITVALE AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The beautiful new edifice of the Fruitvale Avenue Congregational Church, Oakland, was dedicated last Thursday evening. Church and pastor are to be congratulated on this achievement, for they are placed now in such condition as to minister far more effectively to the religious needs of the community than ever before.

The Rev. Burton M. Palmer, who has given himself so earnestly to the work in that community for several years, is one of California Congregationalism's choicest men; and hearts widely are rejoicing with him in that the work under his tactful leadership has come to so high a plane of attainment.

The new building which has been erected at a cost of $20,000 is of Mission architecture, with red tile roof and cement plaster walls. It is about 108x85 feet and nearly evenly divided between the Bible School Department and the auditorium. Every class in the Sabbath-school gave an art-glass window, bearing its class watchword. Several beautiful memorial or tribute windows enrich the auditorium, the most notable being a picture of Jerusalem, copied from a painting that the late Mrs. Susan M. Farnam made on the Mount of Olives. The auditorium, with its gallery, seats 450 and rolling doors between that and the Bible School department can about double the seating capacity on occasions.

The dedicatory sermon was given by the Rev. Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco; the prayer of dedication was by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary; scripture reading by the Rev. H. R. Miles of the First Church of Berkeley. The music was by the choir of the First Church of Oakland.

Last Sunday morning the Rev. L. D. Rathbone of the California Home Missionary Society preached the sermon. There was a large attendance, both morning and evening, showing that the church has a strong hold for good on that part of Oakland. At a Sunday-school rally that day the attendance broke all records, being 327.

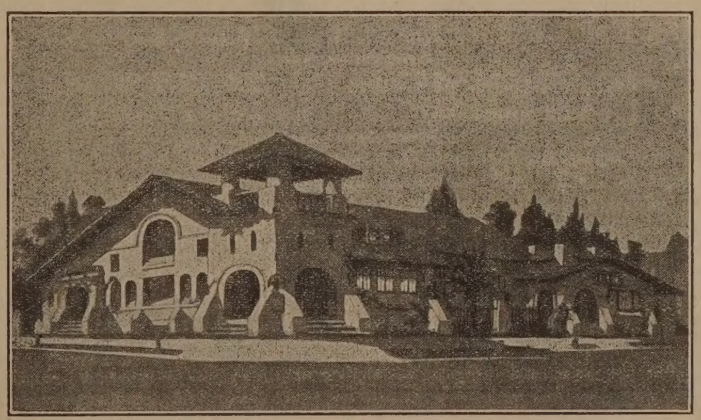
A FAREWELL AT SACRAMENTO.

A farewell reception was tendered the Rev. J. B. Orr after his recent evangelistic services in the Congregational Church at Sacramento. Just before the reception, the Sacramento Bee says, that Mr. Orr gave an inspiring sermon on "Mt. Shasta and the Christian Life." Resolutions as follows were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we, the members of the Church and Congregation of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento, Cal., assembled in the last of a series of special services that have been held during the past two weeks, desire to express our heartfelt appreciation, first, to the Congregational Church of Santa Cruz for its unselfishness in loaning to us its pastor, and second, to Rev. J. B. Orr, who has so generously given himself to us in soul, mind and body during the two weeks.

"Resolved, That we cannot put into words all that Mr. Orr's stay among us has meant during these services and will mean in the weeks to come, as we endeavor in our church life and our business and home life to put into practice the helpful lessons and suggestions that have come from his lips, but we believe (1) that as a church we have been drawn closer together in the bonds of Christian fellowship and have been stimulated to a more active and helpful attitude toward the non-church going people of our city; (2) that, as individual followers of Jesus Christ we have had more than one vision of better things and greater opportunities and that it is our determination to profit by them; (3) that several of our number will date their decision to be known openly as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, to these series of meetings, and (4) that to some has come the vision of the possibility of stronger bodies as well as quickened souls.

Resolved, That in bidding Mr. Orr good-bye it is with Godspeed and our prayers and best wishes for him and his, and that his efforts may be abundantly blessed in whatever portion of the Master's vineyard he may be called to labor."



INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iowerth.

The Washington Congregational Conference was formally organized at Spokane, at a meeting held in the Westminster Church, on Tuesday, the 14th. The officers are as follows: A. S. Burwell of Seattle, president; L. F. Anderson, Walla Walla, vice-president; Harry B. Hendley, of Tacoma, secertary and treasurer, and W. W. Scudder, Seattle, superintendent.

Committees.

Benevolences—F. J. Van Horn, D.D., Seattle, J. B. Bassett, Spokane, and E. A' King, North Yakima.

State Missionary—E. L. Smith, D.D., Seattle, W. C. Wheeler, Tacoma, T. H. Brewer, Spokane, H. M. Gilbert and A. S. Burwell.

Finance and Church Properties—H. C. Nathan, E. P. Ford, D.D., Tacoma, Samuel Green, D.D., Seattle, P. F. May and J. B. Bassett.

Sunday School and Young People's Work—E. A. King, R. C. Brookes, D.D., Walla Walla, Sydney Strong, D.D., Seattle, R. C. McAllister and Everett Smith, Seattle.

Executive Committee—Rev. H. C. Mason, Seattle, E. P. Ford, F. J. Van Horn, S. S. Healey, Everett Smith, A. F. Burwell, E. L. Smith, E. L. House, D.D., Spokane, W. C. Wheeler and Samuel Green.

On Monday evening there was a banquet, when 200 sat at the tables, and the honorable mayor, Rev. W. J. Hindley, gave the address of welcome Rev. J. H. Mathews, superintendent of the Sunday School Society, has been in Spokane about a week rallying the workers.

Installation.

On Tuesday evening, the 14th, the Rev. G. H. Winter was installed as pastor of the Corbin Park Church, Spokane. The sermon was preached by Dr. E. L. House, the greetings of the Spokane churches by Rev. B. C. Preston, the greetings of the Eastern Washington churches by Rev. W. S. Pritchard, and the greetings of the state by Superintendent Scudder. Rev. D. E. Wilson, acted as moderator and Rev. H. E. Anderson, scribe.

Deer Park.—The Rev. Perry Frederick Shrock, who has been pastor of the Congregational Church at this place during the last five years, has resigned to accept a call to the church at Salem, Oregon. The resignation has been reluctantly acecpted and he will begin his work on his new field in about two months. Mr. Shrock is one of the best equipped ministers in the state and will be a real acqusition to the state of Oregon. He is a thorough scholar, a c,ear and informing preacher, a good executive and a consecrated young man and minister. He hs done splendid work at Deer Park and made an impression upon the town as a manly Christian. He is well fitted to fill a larger field and will be a credit to the denomination in the capital city of Oregon. He goes with the best wishes and prayers of all the brotherhood.

A Sunday-school convention was held at Sprague on the 15th, conducted by Prof. E. C. Knapp, secretary of the Inland Empire Sunday School Association. He gave a splendid lecture in the evening on the San Francisco Sunday-school convention.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Your correspondent left Portland at 7:45 last evening and arrived at Ashland this morning at 11:15, and went directly to the First Congregational Church, of which Rev. W. A. Schwimley has been pastor since last spring. He has substantially recovered from the operation for appendicitis, performed a little over a month ago. In addition to his morning discourse today he drove seven miles into the country to preach to an isolated community. He was appealed to very strongly by a small church in Northern California recently to aid them in some special meetings. Accordingly, the matter was submitted to the Ashland Church officials this morning for action, and by uanimous vote Mr. Schwimley was given permission to render the sought-for help.

In addition to his gifts as a preacher of the gospel, Mr. Schwimley has unusual musical talents, and this gift is unreservedly used in connection with all departments of his work.

His sermon this morning was based upon that portion of Christ's Sermon on the Mount in which he says in essence, if you are compelled to go with your enemy a mile go with him twain. The speaker stated that any service rendered in a perfunctory manner came short of being truly real. No great benefit was obtained except through sacrifice, and that meant the second mile. The willing spirit, the free-will offering, the cheerful, spontaneous act —these were the necessary elements back of all action which resulted in permanent and helpful growth. The second-mile Christianity is the only kind that stirs humanity that is at the foundation of all spiritual growth.

The improvements of a public character in Ashland since I was here two years ago have been great. Then there were but two hard surfaced streets. Now there are fully a dozen, and the two alluded to have been greatly extended.

For years the "wet" and "dry" elements have stoutly contested the field for the ascendency, each alternating in control. By persistent effort, however, feeling and knowing that their cause was just, the "drys" have now gained the mastery to such an extent that it does not seem probable or reasonable to suppose that the liquor element will again secure control. It is certainly very gratifying to stroll along every street in the city and not find a saloon, or any one under the influence of liquor.

In school matters Ashland stands in the front rank among towns of its size in Oregon. The first high school in Oregon outside of Portland was organized here in 1889. In 1904 the first high school structure became too small, and it was replaced with a commodious brick edifice. Now that has been outgrown and today a new building, of Spanish Mission design, will be dedicated. This building has been constructed along all up-to-date lines for school purposes, and with the six acres of the ground upon which it stands has cost $76,100. It is an imposing edifice and well adapted in every detail for school purposes.

The first week of the Gipsy Smith meetings has passed. It is too early to estimate results. Portland has been stirred as never before. Church people have been greatly quickened and made to have clearer visions of duty. In addition to this hundreds have expressed a desire to consider the claims of God upon them by going into the inquiry room. Every noon-day meeting — for men only— aside from yesterday, the meeting omitted for that day, was held in the Empress Theater, which the proprietor kindly gave the use of to the committee without charge, was packed to the limit by men; and all those who were two minutes behind the time set for beginning the service had to stand up. Another theater was secured for a woman's meeting—same terms as the Empress quickly granted for the asking—on last Friday noon. This was promptly filled to overflowing and hundreds turned away. In every place of business, whether in bank, store, office, shop or what not, and constantly on transportation lines, these meetings are being discussed—and in large measure most symptheically.

All this must count for better living along all phases of human effort, without regard to the numbers who may be induced to make a public profession.

Ashland, Nov. 19, 1911.

The Home.

LINES TO A SON.

Do I spoil you, my son? Does your father
  Forsake his Olympian throne
And insist upon treating you rather
  Like someone whose age is his own?
For a pedagogue wise and far-seeing
  Is seemingly greatly upset
At the thought of the pair of us being
    Hail-fellow-well-met!

And yet, though, alas! there's no blinking
  The summers that o'er me have rolled,
I find a strange comfort in thinking
  I am not so dreadfully old.
My mood is still passably vernal
  Though my temples be powdered with gray,
And age that is wholly external
    Is quite by the way.

With awe of my might to inspire you
  Would make no appeal to my pride;
You know that I only desire you
  To feel I am here at your side.
Let other papas play the fogey;
  I claim you, companion and friend;
In spite of the schoolmaster's bogey,
    Right up to the end!

THE RIGHT VIEWPOINT.

"O, dear, dear!" said the little woman to me on the porch as she arrived home that evening. "It has certainly been a boiling day, and I am just tired to death. First of all, I missed the express and thought I would never get there. It just seems I didn't accomplish anything. Salespeople were all cross and some of them lazy. Everything goes wrong most of the time somehow. Life is a continual worry."

I went to the next porch. My hostess, in a delightful fresh white dress, met me and said:

"I am so glad to see you. I just came home from a day downtown. It was perfectly splendid. It was very warm, of course, and the salespeople must have felt it, too, no doubt; but I did my best to make it as easy as possible for them, and I accomplished so much."

"I met a friend in one of the stores who said something very nice to me. I know she meant it, too. It was a compliment," she continued.

"O, yes, my dear," noting my look of surprise, "some of our sex do say nice things and mean them, too, many, many times, contrary to the cynic. And so the day was really worth while, though quite full."

The man had just run to the stock exchange corner. He bounded into his office, slammed the door, opened his desk, rummaged through some papers and, turning to his partner, said:

"It beats all how things go wrong all the time. There is that copper down again. Did you get these papers signed? Not yet! Now there's another thing! Something to worry a man all the time."

Miseries and hallelujahs of every day, just that!

But have you ever stopped to think that we sing the miseries much louder and longer than the hallelujahs? Funny, too, isn't it? Miseries are notes of wailing and lamenting that spell sadness, and we keep singing them till we learn them by heart. In fact, they become a part of the heart; and we sigh, sigh, sigh. But the hallelujahs! O, yes, they come as often, some oftener, than the other things. But seemingly we squelch them to a whisper when we should rather sing out loud and long in whole tones.—Chicago Journal.

HOUSEWORK IDEAL.

A prominent New York physician declares that women are shortening their lives by going into the business world.

"It is unquestionably true that women are physiologically unsuited to a business life," said Dr. Hancock. "They have forced themselves or been forced into the world of stores, and shops, and offices, and they will soon, if they do not already repent it. They cannot stand the killing pace of the modern industrial world, at least they cannot stand it for many years.

"Don't look at the girl beginners if you want to prove this. Study the business woman between forty and fifty years of age. Note the drawn, tired lines around the mouth and bespectacled eyes, the listless, dragging steps, the nervous bodily movement. When such a woman does not retire, frankly admitting that she is broken down, it is generally only because her finances will not permit such a step.

"In either case the sacrifice is too valuable, and our American men should not permit it. As Dr. Lovell observes, the natural work for a woman to do is housework. It is varied, light and adaptable. There is nearly always a chance to lie down and relax completely at some hour of the day. The work is usually performed among pleasant, healthful surroundings and there is no uncongenial crowd of fellow-workers to get on one's nerves. It is surely ideal.

"Nevertheless there are at least six million women in America who are working outside their homes, and most of them are working through this hot summer."

"Are there not certain health precautions which they can take?" the doctor was asked.

"Most certainly there are," she replied. "I will give you those that are considered most essential.

"Every woman should positively relax during the noon hour. She should lie flat on her back in a cool, darkened place and rest every tired nerve and muscle.

"Take off all your rats and false hair, and when you wear a hat let it be a light one. The head should be kept as cool as possible."

While all may not agree with Dr. Hancock that housework is "light," especially on a farm where a thousand things are required of a woman in a day, still it must be admitted that it is varied and less taxing than the grind of routine work. Even though a dozen tasks confront you at a time, one or two can usually be allowed to wait while you take a needed rest—that is, if you are not a slave to your house, as too many women are.

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TOMMY'S ANSWER.

"Tommy, what are the sins of omission?"

"Those we've forgot to commit."

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"Believing the things you know are not true."—Selected.

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Sweething: "Mercy, no! What would I do with him if I won him?"—Judge.

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